

MRS. MULLIGAN'S VIEWS

They Are Happily Illustrated

By F. A. MITCHEL

The mining camp of Lucky Gulch was a much more peaceful place than could be found in those early days when the gold districts of Colorado. The reason of this was that many of the miners were married, and their wives exercised a salutary influence on them and the other inhabitants. But one day the habitual quietude of the place was disturbed by the arrival of a big man, who announced himself as a hailing from the state of Ohio, and he soon made it known that he was quite "able to take care of himself," which meant that he carried a clip on his shoulder and invited any one and every one to knock it off.

He had some money, with which he bought a claim, and, having built himself a cabin, proceeded to dig for a fortune. The shortening of names was a feature in the mining camps of those days, and the big fellow soon came to be known as Ohio.

From the moment he came into the camp the peace and prosperity that had pervaded it gave place to a militant condition. The men were much the same as the gun population of new countries, but had been mollified by the women. Ohio threw them back into their primitive condition.

The result was that very soon every married man was trying to prove that he was at the head of his house, which meant that he was excessively disagreeable. Where peace and good will had reigned in the cabins angry voices were heard and occasionally a sound indicating that some heavy missile had been thrown and struck a wall instead of an intended victim.

As was to be expected, the women of the place soon came to consider Ohio their natural enemy. Word was passed among them one morning after the men had gone to work that there would be a meeting in one of the cabins to consider methods of getting rid of the trouble maker. Some dozen wives got together, but it is questionable if women's greatest strength lies in deliberative assemblies. At any rate, in this instance a great deal of time and talk were expended in suggestions that were absurd. One woman proposed that they pour boiling water on Ohio, another that they attack him with batons, another that they refuse to speak to him. The latter of these propositions was voted down on the ground that he wouldn't care whether they cut him or not, but the real reason was that it is natural for women to admire power in man, and some of those present secretly admired the disturber.

At last Mrs. Mulligan said: "Ladies, if I don't see as we can do anything at all, at all. Before I married my Mike I give 'em rope enough to go all over the world if he wanted to. He got to thinkin' he was a prize at a county fair. I flat let 'im go on in that comfortin' delusion till after we was married, and then I brought 'im to his senses at the first crack o' the whip. If you want to lasso Ohio, my advice to you is for some o' you's to marry him."

The only drawback to this plan was that there was no unmarried woman in the camp. Such as had come there from time to time were not calculated to increase the respectability of the camp, and they had been warned away by the wives—a warning the latter seemed to be able to make effective in dealing with their own sex. Therefore, though all the ladies agreed that Mrs. Mulligan's plan was the only plan, it could not be carried out in this case for the want of material.

So the terror of Lucky Gulch continued to bulldoze the men and to set them against their wives. Every day the condition of the camp grew worse. Some whose holes in the ground were not panning out well, urged by their wives, who had suffered under the malign influence that had come upon them, gave up their ventures and moved away. Others began to talk of following, and it looked as though Lucky Gulch would be abandoned and forever afterward known as Unlucky Gulch.

About this time Ohio announced that he had reason to believe he had struck paying dirt and was going down to Denver with some samples of ore for assay and in the hope that he might get the necessary funds with which to develop his mine. As he passed out of the town on his way down the gulch he was followed by a chorus of male dictions on the part of the women, each one of whom expressed the hope that he would not live to return. He grinned at them and said that he would surely come back if only to give each and every one of their cowardly husbands a thrashing. This angered the women all the more, and an occasional stone followed their taunts.

Peace reigned again in Lucky Gulch from the moment Ohio left it. He had been gone a week when a man came up from Denver, who reported that Ohio's samples of ore had assayed \$400 to \$600 to the ton. He had succeeded in borrowing capital with which to develop the mine and would soon be back to enter upon the work.

A wall went up from the women of the place, who foresaw that if their enemy's influence had been strong for evil before it would now be far stronger.

er. A group of them were talking hard on the road running through the cabins when a small woman, weighing less than 100 pounds, was seen walking up from the station, where the stagecoach had just stopped.

"Can you direct me to the cabin of Joe Wheeler?" she asked when she reached the group.

The women looked at one another inquiringly. None of them appeared to have heard of Mr. Wheeler.

"He came here some time ago from Ohio,"

"Ohio!" exclaimed a chorus of voices. "Oh, he's gone to Denver. But he's coming back to develop his mine. He's been getting capital for it."

"Yes, I've heard about that," remarked the stranger in a quiet voice. "Which is Joe's cabin?"

She pointed to Ohio's abiding place, and the woman went on, directing her steps toward it. One of the others called after her:

"You'd better not interfere with anything that belongs to Ohio. He's just awful."

"Is he?" said the other in the same modulated voice, and proceeded on her way.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the woman who had warned her. "If she touches anything there, when he comes home he'll kill her."

"Don't you believe it," said Mrs. Mulligan. "It's my opinion that there's something in the comin' o' this laddy. If a man hasn't got anything there, nobody to take an interest in 'im, but just as soon as prosperity comes to 'im a woman appears, and it's likely that she's got a string tied to 'im. I'm thinkin' that the laddy's goin' to clip his wings, so he won't be flyin' so high as he was."

The stranger, finding Ohio's door secured with a padlock, left it to return with a bit of iron, with which she removed the staple; then went in and deliberately took off her hat and wraps. Women in the surrounding cabins were eying her with wonder, while groups of citizens were gathering to see what next would happen. But the stranger went about making her self comfortable, apparently unconscious of the awful doom hanging over her.

"There'll be a murder," exclaimed Mrs. Walker.

"Don't y' believe it," said Mrs. Mulligan. "She's his wife."

"How do you know that?"

"I can tell it because she's not a-fear'd of 'im. She's got a clutch on 'im, you may be sure. Mebbe it's an old alimony; mebbe it's bigamy; any way, she's got the whip hand of 'im and like enough without either the alimony or the bigamy either. Wait and see."

The stranger was seen to be hunting in Ohio's larger. She got out a can of tea and other articles and proceeded to prepare a meal. When she brought forth a ham that had not been cut and began to slice it, a shiver passed over the lookers-on. Ohio had secured the ham at a great price before leaving and had warned the camp that if he found on his return that it had been molested he would break every bone in the body of the molester.

The next day when the stranger arrived Ohio was aboard. Several persons who remarked him hurried to the gulch to spread the news and see the fun when he found his cabin had been jumped. The consequence was that every man, woman and child turned out and gathered about the Ohio homestead. When the proprietor came up and saw the crowd he asked what was the matter. Being told that his cabin had been opened, his supplies used and his bed slept in, his anger rose, but when informed that his ham had been cut and partly eaten he roared like a bull. Rushing to his cabin, he opened the door, which the lady within immediately shut behind him. Since the calico curtain to the window had been drawn the audience were cut off from witnessing what was going on inside.

Most of them listened for shrieks, but no shrieks were heard. Ohio and the jumper remained unseen for some ten minutes; then the two came out together. The change in the former was marvelous. He had entered the cabin like a lion and had come out like a lamb.

"Gents and ladies," he said, "allow me to introduce to you all my wife."

"Loving wife," the stranger suggested.

"My loving wife," Ohio went on. "For several months I've enjoyed"—at a look from the wife he changed the word enjoyed to suffered—"a period of single blessedness."

"Cursedness," the lady suggested.

"Cursedness. I am happy to say that I shall have her assistance in working and developing my mine, which has thus far made a fine showing. I hope you'll all come and pay your respects to Mrs. Ohio—I mean Wheeler."

That was the last of the domination of the people of Lucky Gulch by Ohio. In Mrs. Wheeler he found a tamer that made him very tractable. It turned out that she held over him no such cudgel as unpaid alimony or bigamy, but ruled him just as other wives rule their husbands. No one could understand why he had been impelled to dominate the camp before the arrival of his wife till Mrs. Mulligan, with that remarkable retrospective perception of hers, explained the phenomenon.

"It's this way," she said. "When we marry the men there's no peace in the family till we break 'em in to married harness. Then they amble along peacefully enough. But once in awhile they like to get out like a horse turned into pasture and kick up their heels and roll. A man in such a frolic likes to get back to bossin' again and isn't satisfied unless he shows what an awful tyrant he is. But he knows his master, and when she puts the bit in his mouth he takes to it as easy as a baby to the bottle."

My Lecture on India

It Achieved a Result Beyond What Was Intended

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

When we of the wild west were beginning to put on a semicivilized garb a similar change of necessity came over the outlaws we had to deal with. The horse stealing industry was not as profitable as it had been and was better taken care of by those who had horses to lose. Wholesale robbery had become less lucrative, since more business was done by means of checks on banks and less with gold dust. The grub desperado was being transformed into the butterfly confidence man.

But before he ceased to be a desperado he began to devote himself to confidence games. In other words, he was both. We had one man in our region who was the most dreaded of the many who had terrorized us and was at the same time the most artful swindler. His real name was not known, though many of the names he used were on record with the sheriff. Therefore he acquired the sobriquet of The Eel. He had an especial fancy for assuming different characters. He once made a fine haul by personating a capitalist out from the east looking over the ground with a view to establishing a bank. On another occasion he represented himself as an agent of the postoffice department. In this he was not so successful, for he was caught before realising any plunder. But he did not hesitate to kill the man who caught him, and nothing was gained in the affair by law and order.

One day a man rode into town who said that The Eel was masquerading in the region through which he had passed as a Methodist minister. When asked how he knew the fellow was The Eel, he said he had met the minister and at once knew him for The Eel, whom he had seen.

I had done some work as deputy sheriff for which I had been commended and was asked if I would undertake the job of going out to try and bring in The Eel, dead or alive. I think the preference was for dead, since alive meant a trial and a possibility of the prisoner's escape either by lack of evidence or an artful dodge. I signified my assent, determining that I would fight fire with fire. In other words, I would play a part just as The Eel was playing a part.

I donned a black broadcloth suit and white cravat, intending to pass myself off for a missionary collecting funds for the board of foreign missions. We had had such a man among us recently, and I succeeded in getting some printed documents he had left behind him. These I read carefully in order to be able to talk intelligently on the subject of foreign missions. Mounted on the meekest looking horse I could find, my saddlebags filled with the printed matter, a Derringer pistol slung in each coat sleeve by an elastic cord, I started out to find The Eel.

I was obliged to travel fifty miles before I found him, but was not disappointed to get so far from home that I would not very likely be recognized. Though I usually wore a beard, I was now clean shaven. I tracked The Eel to a town that was quite civilized for that region and found him at work raising funds for the ostensible purpose of building a church. He had been invited to stop with one of the most respectable citizens and was evidently on the way to make an excellent scoop.

I inquired as to those citizens who were most interested in The Eel's church building scheme and, selecting one, Abner Smith, called upon him, introduced myself as James Ridgeway, missionary in India, and, telling him that I had come among the people of the town to raise funds for foreign missions, asked his assistance. He replied that I had arrived at an inopportune time, since an effort had been started by the Rev. Mr. Swartout, who had also recently come to town to build a church. I suggested that Mr. Swartout and I might possibly work together, since we were both in the same service, and I would like Mr. Smith to bring us together. He consented and with the usual western hospitality invited me to be his guest during my stay in the town.

That same afternoon I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Swartout, whom I at once recognized as The Eel by a description of him I had secured before leaving home. He was a rather tall, sharp faced man, with black hair, which he wore quite long. His eyes were a steel gray, and on meeting one of his own pretended calling he looked through it with a suspicion which, though not noticed by others present, was not lost on me. But I at once set about convincing the reverend gentleman that he had nothing to fear from me, especially in his church building enterprise, by offering to work with him in his own scheme.

"Let us first lay the foundation," I said earnestly, "by building a church for these good people. After the church is finished there will be ample time to do something in missionary work. For my part, I shall not attempt to raise any funds here, but will gladly remain for a few days and give you all the assistance in my power."

I could see his thought in his eye. At first he was disposed to get rid of me, fearing he might not be able to

make a dupe of me. Then it occurred to him that he might throw upon my shoulders certain work for which he had not been educated. On the whole, was it not better for him to risk giving himself away to me and secure my help than to risk giving himself away to a number of persons?

"I shall be happy for your assistance, Brother Ridgeway," he said. "You, having lived in India, will be able to interest these people in a way that would be impossible for me and thus induce them to give freely to the building of a church, which, as you say, is the first step for them to take. A meeting has been called for this evening in the town hall of such as are favorably disposed to the work. I had intended to address them at length, but after a few preliminary remarks I will step aside for you."

"It will give me great pleasure to do what I can," I replied. "Meanwhile I will leave with you some leaflets showing what we have done in India and what we hope to do hereafter. You may be able to scatter them so that they will bear fruit."

Grasping his hand cordially—it was cold as a stone—I departed, breathing freely again when I got away from him, for I realized that should a knowledge of my game come to him he would send a bullet crashing into my brain—that is, if one of the Derringers in his sleeve could not be drawn quicker than the weapons he doubtless carried under his coat.

I resolved to keep my own counsel and continue to do my work unassisted. During the day I found a swift horse and hired a boy to have him at the hall ready for me before the meeting was over. That is the only preparation I made. At 8 o'clock, attended by my host, I sallied forth to give a lecture on missionary work in India, for a part of which I would draw on the material I had brought with me, and for the rest I would draw on my imagination. My colleague called the meeting to order, said that he had come among them in order to induce them to build a church, and I was surprised to hear him state his case remarkably well.

When he had finished he introduced me as a missionary just returned from India, and I began my lecture. Fortunately I have always had a faculty for making persons believe I know a subject on which I am ignorant and they helped me out, though seeing hundreds of faces turned toward me in sympathy for the poor heathen I could not banish a guilty feeling at the imposture.

After I had closed my lecture my colleague spoke a few words as to the duty of giving liberally that those present might have a place for worship and called upon several prominent citizens present to pass the hat. The collection was then poured on a table before the originator of the movement, who gathered it, tied it up in his handkerchief and put it in his pocket. I was watching him as he did so and was probably the only one present who detected the cunning, covetous look he could not entirely conceal.

While the meeting was breaking up I grasped The Eel's hand and told him that I would see him the next morning. He assured me that he would be happy to meet me, thanked me for my valuable assistance in the good work and hoped he might have an opportunity to reciprocate. I went down before he did by a back staircase into an alley, took off my clericals and appeared in plain clothes. My horse was waiting for me, and when The Eel appeared I followed him as he walked to the house of his host.

Owing to his unblushing effrontery, I presumed that he would get out of town with the plunder immediately after the meeting, and for this reason I had procured the horse. When he went into the house where he had been staying I knew he would either slip out during the night or remain in town longer for additional sway. Tying my horse to a post near by, I resolved on a night watch.

The last light in the house went out at 11 o'clock. Soon after 12 the front door opened softly and a man emerged. He made no sound in his steps, and I judged he wore rubbers. Growing from the sidewalk was a tree large enough for concealment, and I stood behind it. Whether or way the man went he must turn his back to me. I suffered him to pass only a few feet when I gave a quick snap command:

"Hands up!"

I saw him start. He dare not disobey. He put his hands above his head. I advanced, gripped his coat collar with one hand, my fingers pressed on his neck, and with the other I held the muzzle of my pistol against the back of his head.

Having him completely in my power, I called out to his host, who raised a window, and I asked him to come down. When he did so I told him what had happened and asked him to relieve his reverend guest of what he could find on his person. He drew forth the collection wrapped in a handkerchief, two small pistols, a 44 caliber revolver and a knife a foot long—strange belongings for a clergyman.

Well, we took The Eel to the mayor's house, where I stood guard over him till morning. The citizens of the place were so indignant at the swindle that had been attempted on them that they turned him over to a vigilance committee, who took the villain out and hanged him to a tree in the old fashioned way.

It is needless to say that I found myself very popular among the people I had served. They said I had earned the amount of the collection by my "very interesting and instructive lecture on India" and offered it to me. I declined, saying that it had been given for a church and must be so used.

I am happy to say that the edifice is now one of the principal buildings of the place.

OUR MARINE CORPS.

Noted For Brave Deeds Since the Days of the Revolution.

Our marine corps was organized by act of the Continental congress in 1776, and its history continues unbroken down to the present time. It is the oldest branch of the military service and was originally created to prevent mutiny by the sailors, many of whom were "impressed."

Then, too, in the days of sailing ships, and especially in battle at sea, the sailors were largely occupied in maneuvering the vessel. Fighting was at close quarters, and a large body of men who had nothing to do but fight was of great service. The advent of steam and of long range guns made the old style of fighting impossible.

The story of the marine corps is a stirring one. The marines distinguished themselves first in 1776 in the battle between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis. They had previously, in 1776, taken part in the bloodless capture of 100 cannon at New Providence, in the Bahamas. They fought in Tripoli in 1803, and in 1805 they made a remarkable march across the Libyan desert and took the fortress of Derna.

At New Orleans in 1815 the marines again distinguished themselves, and they covered themselves with glory at the battle between the Chesapeake and Shannon. At Shimonoseki, Japan, in 1864; Formosa in 1867, in Korea in 1871, Panama in 1885, at Manila and Guantanamo in the war with Spain and in China during the Boxer outbreak they proved their worth.—Harper's Weekly.

BOILED COFFEE OF BRAZIL.

The Real Thing as the Natives Make and Drink It.

The Brazilian amid the marble splendors of his New York hotel sipped the tiny cup of black coffee that was to cost him 25 cents.

"This isn't bad," he said, "but it isn't like the coffee we drink on my father's coffee plantation in Brazil."

"There, when a coffee craving seizes you, you take a few handfuls of green coffee berries, and after rejecting all the imperfect ones among them you place these picked berries in an iron ladle and roast them over an open fire."

"You roast them till they begin to smoke. Then before they are charred you take them off, drop them into a mortar and pound them with a pestle carefully."

"Meanwhile a cup of cold pure water has been set on the fire. When it comes to a boil the ground coffee is thrown into it—a tablespoonful to a cup—and the boiling is allowed to go on for about three minutes."

"Now you drink the coffee. You drink it without straining it. The grounds lie at the bottom of the cup, and if you don't shake it the fluid is as clear as crystal—crystal clear, black, fragrant."

"The French can boast as they please of their filtered coffee. I tell you there's nothing like the boiled coffee of Brazil. All picked, roasted and prepared within a few minutes under the open sky."—New York Tribune.

Life at Low Temperatures.

Most recent experiments show that the idea that bacteria in general are not harmed by freezing is untenable. On the other hand, the effect of very low temperatures has been greatly overestimated. It has been observed that as destructive effects are produced upon bacterial life from the temperature of salt and pounded ice as from that of liquid air. The critical point appears to be somewhat about the freezing point of water. An organism that can pass this point in safety may be proof against even absolute zero. A few individual bacteria in every culture tried were able to endure unharmed the temperature of liquid air. This is believed to have been due to the absence of water in cells.—St. Louis Republic.

Know Her Business.

A weather beaten woman, dressed in new and stylish clothing, was marching up the street one Sunday morning when down came a sudden shower. The woman had no umbrella, but quick as a flash she caught up her dress skirt and threw it over her hat.

"You'll get your ankles all wet, Maria," said her husband, who was coming along in the rear.

"Oh, never mind the ankles," called out the woman as she hurried along. "I've had them the last sixty years, and I only got the hat yesterday."—Harper's Bazar.

Not Amiable.

"We had to let that servant go."

"What was the matter? Wouldn't she work?"

"Oh, she did the work all right, but she couldn't get along with the children."

"That so?"

"Yes. She'd lose her temper every time one of them kicked her on the shins."—Detroit Free Press.

Library Furnishings.

"You have a beautiful and complete library. I suppose your husband passes many delightful hours there."

"I think so," replied Mrs. Wise.

"That's the room in which he keeps his cigars and poker chips."—Washington Star.

Careless.

Absentminded Professor—Dear, dear, how careless these women are! If they haven't put the gas bill in between the leaves of a treatise on explosives.—Pole Male.

Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth.—Thoreau.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Las Cruces, N. M. July 2, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that George A. Godfrey, of Hachita, N. M., who on February 9, 1910, made Homestead Entry No. 0463, for SW¹/₄, Section 15, Township 20 S., Range 16 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. M. Tripp, U. S. Commissioner, at Playas, N. M., on the 23rd day of August, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Thomas Berkley, of Lako, N. Mex.
Thomas Winkler, of Lako, N. Mex.
Robt. W. Murray, of Hachita, N. M.
Philip B. Davidson, of Hachita, N. M.

JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First Pub. July 11

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Las Cruces, New Mexico,
June 6, 1913

NOTICE is hereby given that Insley E. Prodmore, of Hachita, New Mexico, who on April 6, 1910, made Homestead Entry No. 0487, for SW¹/₄, Section 11, Township 20 S., Range 16 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before John M. Tripp, U. S. Commissioner, at Playas, N. M., on the 22nd day of July, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Thomas Upshaw, of Hachita, N. M.
Andrew P. Lane, of Hachita, N. M.
Wm. L. Henry, of Hachita, N. M.
Joseph M. Wilcox, of Hachita, N. M.

JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First Pub. June 13

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO,
June 11, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that William H. Chaney, of Hachita, New Mexico, who, on April 26, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 0511, for SE¹/₄, SW¹/₄, SW¹/₄, SE¹/₄, Section 18, and NE¹/₄, NW¹/₄, NW¹/₄, NE¹/₄, Section 19, Township 22 S., Range 16 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. M. Tripp, U. S. Commissioner, at Playas, N. M., on the 30th day of July, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Walter Brishfield, of Hachita, N. M.
Carl Dunnegan, of Hachita, N. M.
R. L. Keith, of Hachita, N. M.
Jim Deten, of Hachita, N. M.

JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First Pub. June 20

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Las Cruces, N. M. June 17, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that John C. Mitchell, of Rodeo, New Mexico, who, on June 16, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 04587, for R¹/₄ SE¹/₄, Section 36, Township 28 S., Range 21 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Ana O. Garland, U. S. Commissioner at Rodeo, N. M., on the 12th day of August 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:
C. E. New, of Rodeo, N. M.
O. V. Smith, of Rodeo, N. M.
R. B. Timbrel, of Rodeo, N. M.
M. C. Tompkins, of Rodeo, N. M.

Jose Gonzales, Register.

First Pub. June 27

HOMELY CHILDREN.

Often Develop Into Beauties When the Face is Fully Grown.

Let no parent despair of a plain child. Beauty so far from being "akin deep" largely depends upon the proportion between the different parts of the face, and this depends upon their rate of growth. Before a boy's voice breaks he may have a very defective chin, a serious blemish for our ideal of manly beauty. But that chin may be destined to grow just when the boy's beard begins to grow and may transform him.

I saw the other day an old school fellow whom I could scarcely recognize, so vastly improved was he since his young boyhood by the acquisition of that chin which anatomists tell us is a peculiarity (and therefore a beauty) of our species. Robert Southey was described by his nurse as a "great ugly boy" when he was born, but he grew to be so handsome that Byron said he would be almost content to father Southey's poetry if he might have it's author's head and shoulders.

I cannot say what percentage of ugly children turn out handsome later in life, but certainly many do partly because in earlier life the various parts of the face have developed at somewhat unequal rates and partly because of the influence of another factor of beauty, in which Southey was rich. Its old fashioned but familiar name is the soul.—Dr. C. W. Saleeby in Strand Magazine.

Torn About.

"The doctor made me show him my tongue, and it cost me \$2, but I got even."

"How?"

"In a poker game last night I made him show me his hands, and it cost him \$5."—New York Times.

Permanent.

Maud—Are you engaged to Jack for good? Ethel—It looks that way. I don't think he'll ever be in a position to marry me.—Boston Transcript.

Liberty.

Liberty may be defined as that condition of things which does not permit us to take liberties with others.—Puck.

Good only is great and generous and fruitful.—Bailly.